

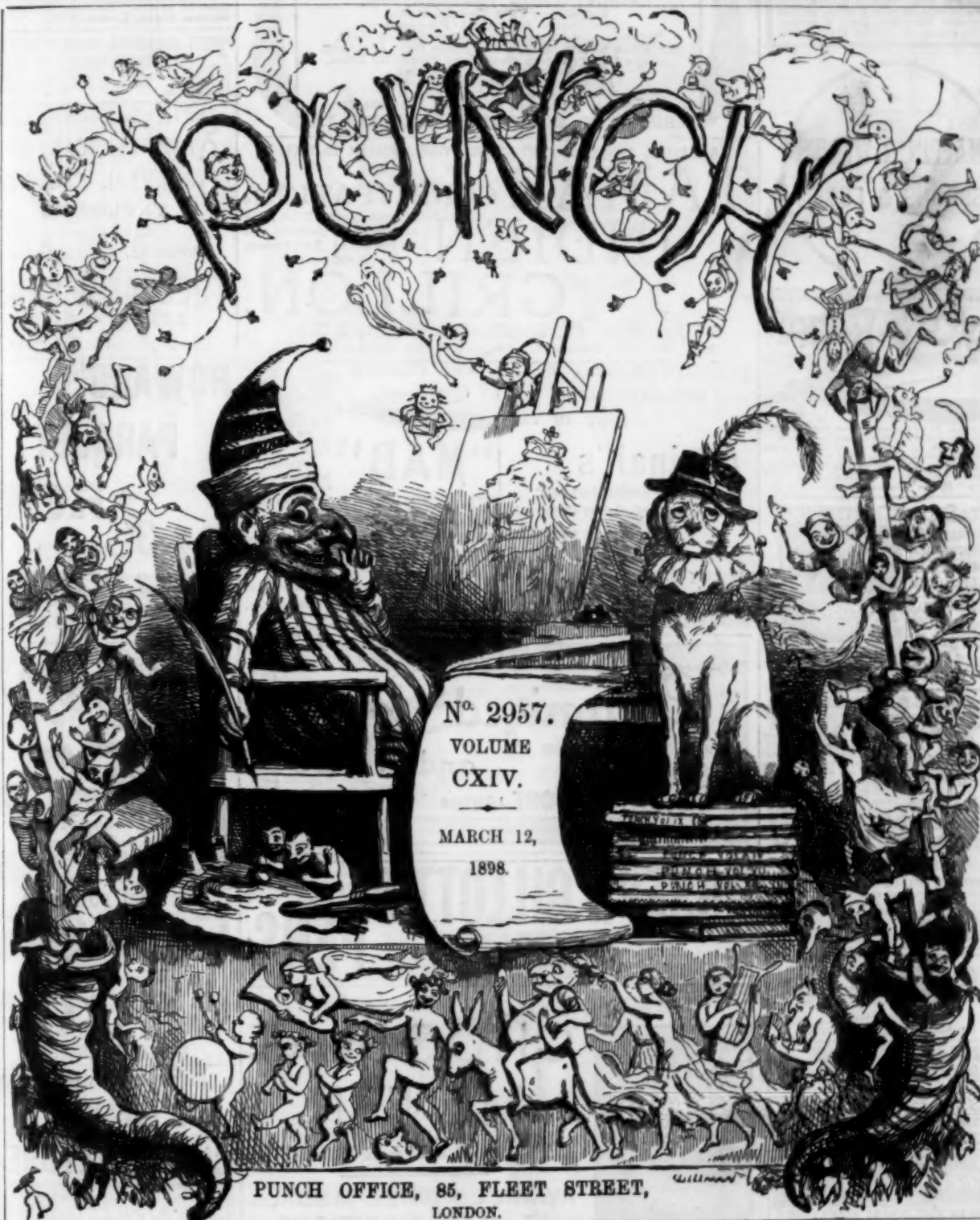
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MIGHT WE SUGGEST THAT, DURING THE TEMPORARY HOLIDAY OF THE MANAGER, THE BUSINESS COULD POSSIBLY BE GIVEN A FILLIP BY A VISIT FROM THE ARCHDEACON, AND SUNDAY CLERICS OF THE DIOCESE, WHO MIGHT DISPENSE REFRESHMENTS TO GREAT FINANCIAL ADVANTAGE. OF COURSE ANY ASSISTANCE OFFERED BY LADIES INTERESTED IN CHURCH PHILANTHROPY WOULD, UNDOUBTEDLY, BE GREATLY APPRECIATED.

(A Forecast suggested by the Army Estimates.)

*Serg.* And think of belonging to an army, now of immense strength!

Nib. No blarney for me! You know as well as I do that you can't get men anywhere.

"On there! Pass along!" (*Exeunt.*)  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III., Sc. 1.

Nib. Because, my good sergeant, in spite of the chance of a shilling a day clear, I can find work and wages more attractive elsewhere!

(In Three Moods.)

What! "Progs." returned on every hand!  
I read the news with consternation,  
And like (who was it?) now I stand  
Astounded at my Moderation.

A. One has been abroad and the other's a broad bean. [Exit Querrier rapidly.]



## SCENE IN THE L. C. CIRCUS.

Joey. ME AND MR. SALISBURY WERE GOING TO SIT ON YOU; BUT WE SHA'N'T NOW!

## THE REASON WHY.

(By a New Woman.)

A PLAIN old maid was I,  
With spectacles on nose;  
I wound my double-ply  
And knitted nephews' hose.

And all my brothers' wives,  
And sisters who had spouses,  
They led such busy lives  
With servants, babes, and houses,

That, when they came to talk  
About their own affairs,—  
How Baby learnt to walk,  
But TOMMY fell down stairs;

Of social obligations,  
Of dinners and of balls;  
Of duty invitations,  
And necessary calls;—

I knitted nephews' hose,  
And wound my double-ply,  
And felt rejoiced I chose  
A spin. to live and die.

I owned a peevish cat,  
'Twas seldom heard to purr;  
It occupied the mat,  
And moulted all its fur.

My parrot's ways were worse;  
He ruffled in his rage,  
And loud and deep he'd curse  
When friends approached his cage.

But talk of bird or cat—  
Bored would my sisters look!  
And yet I had to chat  
For hours of babe or cook.

And when MAN had the mumps,  
Or FREDDY had the fever,  
Or Baby got the jumps  
And Mother had to leave her,

Why, then to me they'd send,  
"Please come at once, dear PAUK;  
I've so much to attend,—  
You've nothing else to do!"

For everybody asks  
The help of those who'll aid  
In doing others' tasks,  
Unhonoured, and unpaid.

In sudden wrath I rose—  
It should no longer be!  
I burnt my nephews' hose,  
The parrot I set free,

I boarded out the cat,  
I vowed a solemn vow  
That I'd revolt, and that  
I'd live my life! So now—

A modern spinster I  
With latch-key for my Chubb;  
I roll my cigarette,  
And cycle to my club;

For I have come to see  
Each modern innovation  
Can well put in the plea  
"Done under provocation."

New duties mine, new aims,  
New books, new thoughts, new scopes,  
New friends, new spheres, new claims,  
New power for good, new hopes.

And so my brothers' wives,  
And sisters who have spouses,  
Must manage their own lives,  
Their children, and their houses;

And this is why they toss  
Their heads, and, with acumen,  
When they're found out, turn cross,  
And dub me "The New Woman."



Jink. "MY DEAR MACFIDDLE, IT'S THE VERY THING YOU WANT! CHARMING HOUSE—LOVELY SPOT! CHEAP, TOO. BUT ONE GREAT DRAWBACK. YOU CAN'T GET ANY WATER THERE!"  
MacFiddle. "OH, THAT DOESN'T MATTER!"

## A POLYGLOTT MEREDITH.

(We understand that MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S novels are to be translated into the leading European languages. We beg to offer the following as a German sample.)

ENDLICH aber schwebte der jüngste Schmetterling mit prachtvollen Gummischuhen und neuen chemisettes wie ein König bekleidet in die Luft. Da gab es ein Geschrei.

"Wohin, wohin?" murmelte die schöne Diane, eine echte meredithische Engländerin, dessen traurige Geschichte der Zukunft gewidmet sanft oder laut nach Belieben in alle unseren Bibliotheken klingt.

"Wohin?" lächelte sie.

"Wolken sind herrlich," flüsterte er.

"Ich auch sollte Flügel haben," fing die Dame an.

"Hast aber keine," erwiderte gleich das beflügelte Thierchen.

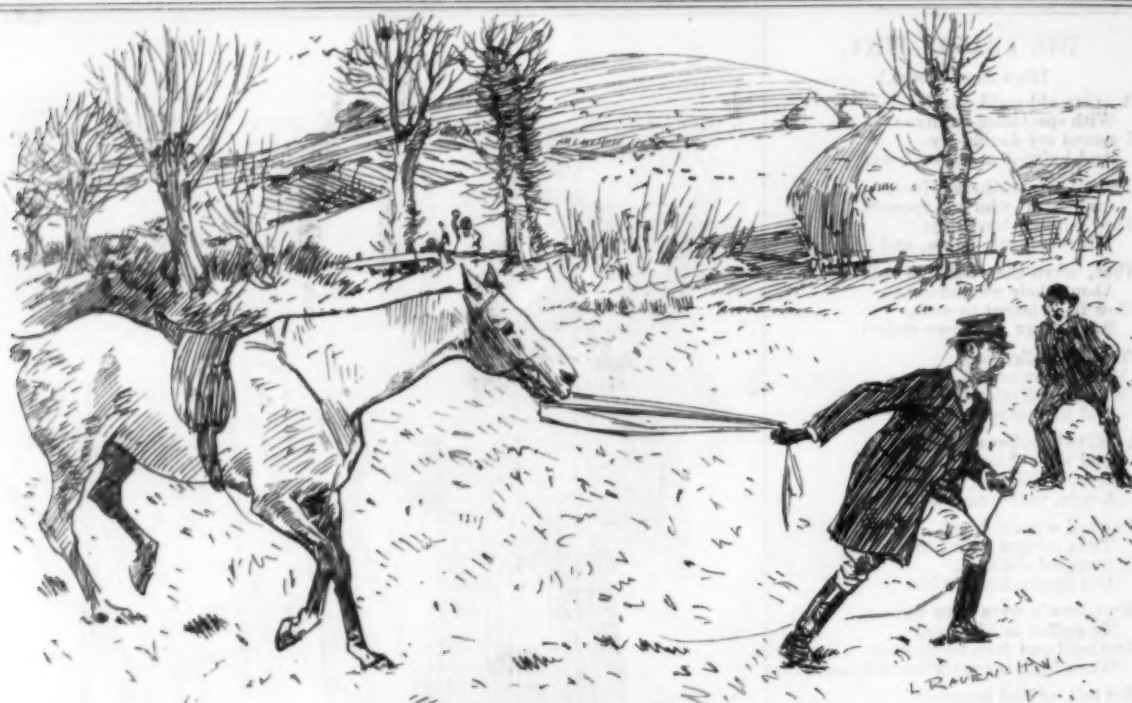
"Netze sind billig," schrie das ärgerliche Frauentzimmer.

"Aber viel billiger lauten die Witze eines Weibes."

Das waren die letzten Worte des armen Schmetterlings: Patsch! da lag er im Netzwerk nieder. Nimmermehr wird er die duftigen Blumen in der Morgenstille begrüßen. Farblos sind seine dem Verderben geweihte einst himmelstrahlende Flügel. Also starb er. Aber die Dame. Sie auch hat ihre Sorgen. Sehnsucht macht Sorgen, aber die Katze liegt stets schnurrend auf dem Sofa. So bleibt es in ihrem Tagebuch aufgeschrieben und die Worte sind noch heute wahr.

BLADES OF A FEATHER.—University Crews.





### TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

*Unsympathetic Bystander. "TAKING 'IM BACK TO 'IS CAB, GUV'NOR!"*

### MERE MOONSHINE.

[Some hints for novelists, to be used after July 30, when, according to Professor WALTERMATH, the "second moon" will become visible. *Vide* letter in *Daily News*, March 1.]

#### I.

"FAITHLESS and unkind!" cried DULCINEA, repulsing her lover with a gesture of haughty disdain. "Cruel and treacherous! Nay, never can I be the bride of a man who lightly breaks his word as thou hast done!"

"Say not so, my love!" protested ALONZO, looking greatly bewildered. "Of a certainty I could never be so base as to neglect aught that I had promised my dear DULCINEA! Kindly have the goodness to explain——"

"Explain? Hath the remembrance of thy vow so soon escaped thee? Didst thou not agree to meet me at midnight beneath yonder oak when the moon was full? Ay, since, owing to my father's displeasure, I can but see thee by stealth, thou didst declare that it must be when the moon was full, the better to gaze upon my face!"

"True indeed," ALONZO replied. "I made a note of our compact at the time. And, on the night of full moon, I was at the appointed spot. But it was *thou* who didst fail, DULCINEA!"

"Untruthful!" sobbed DULCINEA. "Of all false deceivers——"

"Not a bit of it," retorted the other. "At the night and hour appointed I was there, and tarried two hours for thee in vain—it was raining hard, too. Methought the weather, or else the vigilance of thy sire, kept thee within the castle."

DULCINEA gazed at him incredulously. "Then thou wert there only in thy dreams!" she said, indignantly. "Punctual to the appointed hour came I to that oak-tree, and waited vainly for the faithless ALONZO!" And she wept afresh.

"Alack, sorrow hath turned thy brain," said ALONZO, sadly. "I was beneath that tree, but DULCINEA came not! Why, 'tis only two nights past——"

"Two nights? ALONZO, thou art distraught! 'Twas full moon a fortnight ago!"

"Therein I can prove thee wrong," ALONZO replied, producing a pocket-calendar from his doublet. "Here thou mayst read that—why," he broke off suddenly, rushing forward and clasping the astonished DULCINEA in his arms, "why, now I understand! How gross my folly in forgetting it! We resolved to meet when

the moon was full, but we did not say *which* moon; and nowadays there are two of them!"

"My sweet ALONZO!" cried DULCINEA, embracing him fondly. "That explains all! For when one moon is new the other is already at its full. Pardon thy foolish DULCINEA! For the future, we must needs be more precise. And now thou must fly, for if my stern father should find thee here, terrible would be the consequences."

ALONZO sighed. "Canst thou not quit him for good? Methinks that did I come hither with two swift steeds on some dark night, we might fly together!"

"Nay," replied DULCINEA, sadly. "That were impossible. Thou dost forget that now there are two moons, and consequently, no dark nights. But hark! What is that?"

Even as she spoke a dozen armed men, with her father, the Baron D'AGINCOURT, at their head, leapt from behind the bushes upon the hapless ALONZO.

"Ha!" shouted the Baron in triumph, "so I have thee at last, villain! Bind him tightly, my trusty followers, and dispose of him as I have instructed you! No more wilt thou come trespassing here, I warrant! Heed not his kicking; bind him tightly, I tell you. Ill is it for thee, thou varlet, that thou hast disobeyed the Baron D'AGINCOURT! And cease those silly noises, DULCINEA. Get thee to bed, girl! This fellow will trouble thee no more!"

But the lovely DULCINEA gave one despairing shriek and fell to the ground in a swoon, as her father's men carried off the gagged and fettered form of her dear ALONZO.

#### II.

On the following morning the Baron D'AGINCOURT sat at his breakfast in a very good temper. Suddenly an idea struck him, and, calling a servant, he bade him summon his daughter.

DULCINEA appeared, pale and distraught, her eyes red with weeping.

"Good morning," said the Baron, with an evil smile. "Pray be seated. Thou hast not breakfasted, I think? This bacon is excellent, I assure thee."

"Father!" cried the unhappy girl, falling on her knees before him, "tell me—tell me quickly—what hast thou done with ALONZO?"

"Tut, tut!" said the Baron, impatiently. "ALONZO? Why,

he's disposed of all right, fret not thyself about him. As a matter of fact, he's dead—comfortably dead and drowned."

"You lie!" said a voice—and lo! in the doorway stood ALONZO himself!

The Baron fell back in his seat and gazed at him in terror. "Tis a spook!" he gasped. "A nasty, horrid spook!"

"Nay," said ALONZO, "'tis no spook! Fear not, DULCINEA, thine ALONZO is alive and well!"

"But I gave the plainest orders," expostulated the Baron. "They were to take thee to the beach and there tie thee to a stake which is covered at high water, so thou wouldst be slowly but surely drowned. The knaves have played me false!"

ALONZO confronted him with a look of triumph. "Blame not thy minions," he said, "for they fulfilled thy commands faithfully. They tied me to the stake so thoughtfully selected—only one fact hadst thou forgotten. (For now there are two moons, influencing the ocean equally, but in contrary directions, and, as a consequence, there are no tides! At daybreak a friendly fisherman cut me free, and now have I come here—for my Revenge!"

With a crash the Baron fell upon the floor. "Foiled!" he muttered. "Foiled again! A murrain upon that second moon! I yield, ALONZO. Take DULCINEA, with her father's blessing—and be off!"

### OUR BOYS.

(By a Father of Ten.)

#### I.

OF late years I have been much distressed to notice the great and increasing number of men who remain unmarried; and when visiting my friends, I hear on all sides the despairing cry, "What are we to do with our boys? Nowadays women won't marry them!" As one who has successfully settled ten dowerless sons, I claim to speak with some authority on this subject, and I venture to hope that my words may be of use and comfort to distracted fathers.

I propose to deal with the question in two articles. In the first I shall discuss generally the relation of the husband to the wife; in the second I shall offer some practical hints on the training of boys with a view to the improvement of their matrimonial prospects.

At the outset, let me say this: it is absolutely necessary to realise once and for all this vital truth, that *man's place is the Home*. Here lies the *crux* of the whole question, and the sooner the fact is understood and accepted, the sooner we shall be spared the pain of seeing our bonny boys neglected and souring into a loveless age of nervous, fussy old bachelorhood. I insist the more upon this, because I know fathers who still cling to what I may call the superstition of an antiquated creed, that home is the *woman's sphere*! Blind to the spirit of the Age, they thrust their sons into such professions as are still open to them, and expect them to compete with woman in her own domain—medicine, the Bar, the Church. The result, of course, is a foregone conclusion. Who expects a man to compete with women in work that requires brain?

There are others again, who send their sons into the professions, not because they ever expect them to make a livelihood thereby, but simply to fit them for matrimony. "What," they ask, "what does a woman look for in a husband? A pretty doll? A plaything? A drawing-room ornament? No, she wants more than that: she wants some one who, if he cannot actually give her advice, can at least talk intelligently about her affairs." At the first blush, there is something plausible in this, and it conjures up so pretty a picture of conjugal co-operation and confidence that one could almost wish it were true. But a very small experience of the world suffices to explode the theory. Women *don't* consult their husbands on business. On any point beyond his immediate domain, women have the heartiest contempt for a man's opinion. And rightly so. What would a father say if his wife advised him how to feed the baby?

No! this is not what a woman looks for in a husband. She wants not an inferior copy, but the *complement* of herself. To the feminine mind nothing is more detestable than the blue-stocking man who tries to talk business or politics, and *apes* the woman. When a wife comes home tired from the City, she does not wish to discuss stocks and shares; she has been doing nothing else all day; she wants change, amusement, relaxation, and a husband, if he would not drive her out to the club, should be ready to sing and play to her, or entertain her with light pleasant chat. Similarly, when she goes off to town in the morning, she should



*Aunt Emily.* "I HAVE JUST HAD MY PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN, EVA. I HAVE ONE DONE EVERY YEAR, YOU KNOW."  
*Eva.* "GOODNESS, AUNTIE! YOU MUST HAVE HUNDREDS!"

feel confident that the house will be well ordered in her absence; that the children will be sent off to school, the servants apportioned their tasks, and the babies put to bed before her return; that at six o'clock her slippers will be toasting at the fire, while some one with a bright smile and a cheery word will be waiting to welcome her home.

### JEAMES ON THE "CHRONICLE."

March 4, 1898.

MR. PUNCH, SIR.—Hi am not aweer whether you have taken connoissance of the late County Council Eleckshuns but speakin pussionally hi have been compelled out of defrence to my Lady's wishes to accompnny her in that connexshun into the low nay-broods of the East End. And not to hany great puppos, for hi regret to say the Master as been badly beat. But you may imadgin my disgust when my attenshun was called to the followin passage in the *Daily Cronickle*; not that hi hever reads that horgan, bein a radical print, but the cook sees it and my heye fell upon it, has it were, promiscuous:—

"We have a solid East against an almost solid West"—that's hui—"the City that works and suffers against the City that idles and amuses itself. Well, what could these wire-pullers expect—this selfish horde of idle dames who descended on districts which they will never permit their footmen to pollute (sick) till they want something more for their husbands or their cousins or their aunts?"

Sir, the italics are my hown. Unless the pussion as wrote the above was suffrin at the time from inebriation, hi must attribute his vulgar horror of taste to hoyer-elation. In hany case he has my pity mingled with contempt. Yours respectfully, JAMES.



"MUMMY, LET ME HAVE SOME WATER TO CHWISTEN MY DOLLY WIV."

"NO, DARLING, IT'S WRONG TO MAKE FUN OF HOLY THINGS."

"WELL, LET ME VACCINATE HER. I'M SURE SHE'S OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE *SOMETHING* DONE TO HER!"

### AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

#### A LAY OF NEW LONDON.

*Originally designed to be sung at the ancient Feast of the Great Twin Brethren, Gog and Magog, in the event of their submersion.*

I.  
Ho, trumpets, sound a tootle!  
Ho, Plicemen, clear the ways!  
The Mayors are out, they ride about  
To meet the public gaze.  
From Wandsworth's oozy reaches,  
From Brixton Hill and Bow,  
From Holborn (High) and Peckham Rye,  
They come to join the show;  
They come from proud St. George's,  
From the park-like burg of Fin,  
From Bishopsgate Without the wall,  
And Bishopsgate Within!  
Each Mayor has donned a mantle  
Wrought of the rabbit's hide,  
Their gee-goes paw the pavement,  
The horsemen sit outside;  
They have pinned on every shirting  
A coloured card that gives  
The neighbourhoods of which they are  
The representatives.

II.  
Full in the van rides JOSEPH,  
In nodding ostrich plumes,  
From out his button's aperture  
A purple orchid blooms;

Behind the facial window  
That breaks its potent spell,  
Looks forth the dry and "single" eye  
Of the Mayor of Camberwell;  
And with him goes his club-mate,  
Strapped on by both his feet,  
Bold JESSE of the Devonshire,  
Mayor of St. James's Street.

III.  
As toward the ark of Noë  
Creation walked in pairs,  
So in congenial couples  
Move the ensuing Mayors:  
Just in the wake of JOSEPH  
A Chataworth charger comes,  
With patient nerve ignoring  
The titillative drums;  
To suit his rider's balance  
A steady course he keeps,  
For on his back the Chosen  
Of Piccadilly sleeps.

IV.  
Sleeps soundly though beside him  
In tortuous caracoles  
Prances the Mayor of Wapping,  
The gallant Captain BOWLES;  
Though near him, hot with spurring,  
And recklessly arrayed  
In Bosphorenscent orders,  
Careers the Sheffield blade:  
He brings the breath of battle,  
BARTLETT, the patriot Mayor,

Adopted by the dwellers  
About Trafalgar Square.

V.  
Hard by, upon an Arab,  
A quite superior blood,  
His nimble nostrils spurning  
The scent of City mud,  
See where the young NATHANIEL,  
Our country's only guide,  
New Mayor of Carlton Gardens,  
Politely deigns to ride.

VI.  
On, on they come in squadrons,  
Thick as the "evening midge";  
There's fleet-of-foot Sir RICHARD,  
Elect of Lillie Bridge:  
There's M-PLR, Mayor of Sh-lbr-d's,  
Curbing his racer's stride,  
And JOHNNY B., of Battersea,  
The people's joy and pride.  
And at the end of all things,  
To make the tale complete,  
Whips in the noble Marquis,  
The Mayor of Downing Street.

I woke, it was a vision,  
Night-Mayors and nothing more;  
And lo! the Great Twin Brethren  
Stood beaming as before.

SUITABLE SONG FOR LENT. — "Come  
Back to 'Erring."





“GIVING HIM A LIFT.”

FARMER BUTL (to JOHN CHIMKAY). “YOU STICK TO ME, JOHNNIE. WE’LL GO TO MARKET TOGETHER, AND I’LL SEE THAT NO ONE ‘BESTS’ YOU!”

[“The concessions made by the Chinese Government to British commerce are considerable and valuable.”—*Mr. Curzon’s speech, March 2.*]





"A GOOD WIT WILL MAKE USE OF ANYTHING."

Shakespeare, *Henry the Fourth*.

SCENE—A Pit Village. TIME—Saturday Night.

Barber (to bibulous Customer). "NOW, SIR, IF YOU DON'T HOLD YOUR HEAD BACK, I CAN'T SHAVE YOU!"

Pitman. "A'WELL, HINNEY, JUST CUT ME HAIR!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"BECAUSE we act well, men think we feel deeply. But we don't. Sometimes we try to, because we feel that, if we don't, there is something wanting in our lives. But it gets no further than that. The stage life kills the real life; and the real life can never be more than an interlude." Such is the opinion of the actress, *Angela Clifton*, the heroine of *Sunlight and Limelight* (A. D. INNES & Co.), the latest novel written by Mr. FRANCIS GRIBBLE. It is an interesting and amusing story concerning the *vie intime* of rather superior persons in the theatrical profession. Appearing simultaneously with Mr. ARTHUR PINERO's farce at the Court, which apparently treats of the second order of professional actors and actresses, representing them as domestically virtuous, though of quaint and uncultivated manners, Mr. GRIBBLE's novel purports to place before us the *vie la plus intime* of the *artistes du premier rang*. Likewise, he notes the marked distinction between the English and French players; the latter, says he, are Bohemians, a class apart, and "proud o' the title, as the livin' skeleton said," according to Mr. Sam Weller; while the chief object of leading English actors and actresses, though they are at heart true Bohemians, is to be accepted at their own valuation by "Society." Consequently, being rejoiced above measure at any opportunity of putting themselves *en évidence* before "London Society," which "makes special rules for actresses," they accept the invitations of *Lady Brevil*, of Harley Street, whose receptions are to Society, the Arts, and the Players, as is the common ground of Philanthropy to the various antagonistic sects. The conventional trammels of artificially polite "Society" must be most irksome to true "Bohemian girls" who live "unchaperoned lives," and who have "largely dropped the habit of using language to conceal their thoughts," so that when those light-hearted young staggers on the "spindle side" thought "d—n" they said it, and, to quote *Ingoldsby*, "no one seemed a penny the worse." This expletive the men in this story, professional or non-professional, use quite freely; but it is as mere

"sound and fury, signifying nothing." The *dramatis personæ* of Mr. GRIBBLE's story are not among the rank and file of the theatrical profession as are Mr. GEORGE MOORE's characters, in *A Mummer's Wife*, or as they are in JOHN BICKERDYKE's *Daughters of Thespis*, for Mr. GRIBBLE's hero is a modern "actor-manager" who is received into the very best mixed Society, and is "in a fair way towards knighthood." The heroine, who is this actor-manager's leading lady at a London theatre, was one of his companions in the travelling company of which they were both members; and, in a weak moment, he might have married her, had they not "both lived in a world that was quite tolerant of unions less binding than that of marriage, and *Hector* was quite sure that some day, and if it did not come to marriage, it would come to that." *Angela* unfortunately marries a gifted sot of a dramatic author, almost a genius, from whom she is soon separated, and when she does occasionally see him, it is, as a rule, only when he happens to be in want of cash. The poor drunken creature dies, and one of the most powerfully-written scenes in the story is when the young widow and the actor-manager search for the dead man's missing play. The conclusion of the story is common-place, but not the less true to Nature on that account. The fault in the story is, that among all the characters, "there is none that doeth good, no not one." There is no particular moral to be deduced from Mr. GRIBBLE's novel, except, perhaps, that as the hero and heroine are well worthy of one another, it is according to the fitness of things that such a pair, so justly formed to meet by Nature and Art, should be united in the bonds of matrimony by Mr. GRIBBLE.

A diverting book is *Cussock and Comedy* (SKEFFINGTON), by ARTHUR FORBES, professing to show the "humorous side of clerical life," though some of the stories must be credited to the pathetic side of humour, and might well find a place in a Zangwillian romance of Whitechapel. Here and there among the tales the Baron comes across some ancient friends, on which, years ago, the pencils of DU MAURIER and of CHARLES KEENE conferred an immortality, and pleased is he, "as pleased as *Punch*" in fact, to see them as fresh as ever. They are all told in so pleasant a chatty-coffee-cum-cigar fashion as enables the reader to take up the book and enjoy one or more of the stories just when he may have ten minutes allowed him for refreshment.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

### LIBEL.

(By a Despairing Editor.)

WHAT can editors do now? Copy must be had somehow,  
But whate'er we publish, some one in a fury  
Sends a lawyer's letter fine, threatening punishment condign,  
And the terrors of a learned judge and jury.  
If we happen to review but a simple verse or two,  
And we stint our praise, the lawyers of the scribe 'll  
Send a youngster with a grin and a note from Lincoln's Inn  
To inform us they will prosecute for libel.  
If we write a little "par" on a leading concert star,  
Says the lady, in a burst of indignation,  
"You described my auburn head by the slanderous word *red*—  
It has ruined my artistic reputation.  
I have lost through you a clear twenty thousand pounds a year—  
Pay it up, Sir! or your vulgar diatribe 'll  
Cost you dear. If you deduct but a penny, I'll instruct  
My solicitors to prosecute for libel."  
If at R.A.-time we go to inspect the picture show,  
Should our criticisms not give satisfaction,  
Every time the postman knocks, lo, he fills our bulging box  
With indignant letters threatening an action.  
So it happens that, despite our efforts to do right,  
Whatever we may think, do or describe 'll  
Give offence, if not to you, to some other person, who  
Will at once proceed to prosecute for libel.

### The County Council Election.

(From Our Own Irrepressible One, evidently out on bail.)

Q. Why did the attitude of the Unionist party remind you of an examination at Oxford?

A. Because it was a question of passing in Mods.

[Our Special Detective is now on this Young Man's track.]



## MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

The Sullivan



This little Creature is full of the most lovely tunes and all other kinds of music. Nobody didn't know how humorous wind-instruments was till he did it. He will get a boom down or a hobby to talk just for all the world like a retired cornet only sweeter - it will make you ake with laughing. He writes the most holy tunes too and makes you fancy you are saving about with other angels in the upper boxes. (I wrote this with reverence and out of the room - she would say it was a full trequent I expect)

The Tadd



This little Animal is awfully good at marbles. Nobody can't do it like him. He knows all about the ancients and what kind of boots they wore on Sundays and just how they use to sit about and throw roses and make nice lectures on things in general. They didn't do much else according to him. You can always tell where one of his pictures is by the crowd of artists round it - all putting their noses against it and then stepping back and striking silly attitudes. He has got such a big voice that as fast as they flick the pictures up, it shakes them all down again.

The Fird - Dammy Nile



This kind Animal is always so pleased to see you. He is very enterprising and has a funny way of getting into the bed of a river and blocking it all up till it runs over. I should think the whole place will be full of crochets and irregulars and things. He has such a beautiful beard - it looks as if he would make a very nice prophet. Don't you think so?

## WHAT THE L. C. C. IS NOW EXPECTED TO DO.

(By the Supporters of the Majority.)

To widen all the streets and start a park in Cornhill.

To improve the bridges from the Tower to Battersea, and thoroughly cleanse the Thames from the Nore to Twickenham.

To make new roads from Charing Cross to Hampstead, Putney, Old Jewry, and Shoreditch.

To rebuild and enlarge the National Gallery, Somerset House, the towers of Westminster Abbey, and the Bethnal Green Museum.

To illuminate London with an improved edition of the electric light, and erect automatic watering-pipes to lay the dust in all directions.

To get rid of fog, rain, snow and sleet, with the aid of science or by some other means.

To house the working classes without causing inconvenience to the well-to-do.

To render the theatres and music-halls models of perfection without interfering with the lessees and managers.

To make the Metropolis an ideal city of marble, and, so to speak, precious stones.

And last, and most important of all, to carry out the above programme without any cost to the ratepayers.

## Ye Goddesses and Little Fishes.

[The Misses SATURN, "tall, graceful girls, and triplets," took up by patrimony their rights to membership of the Fishmongers' Company.]

VENUS alone took her degree

By rising from the triplets,

But lo! the heritage of sea

Is shared alike by triplets.

And now all fish who swim to fame

In piscine trios say her name!

TIT-FOR-TAT JUSTICE. — At Ramsgate, two boys, found guilty of stealing from snacks, had to receive "six strokes with a birch." Good! Whacks for snacks!

DRIVERS  
CABMEN  
SOCIATION



THE CABBIES' EXTRA "BOB."

[Lord ROBERTS has been elected Vice-President of the Cab-drivers' Benevolent Association.]

## A COMMERCIAL UNIVERSITY.

MR. PUNCH, having heard that a Commercial University is to be started in Leipzig after Easter, is anxious that the authorities of Oxford and Cambridge should place our youths on a fair footing with their German competitors. This could easily be done. It only involves a slight change in the curriculum to the following or similar effect:—

*Smalls.*—For "Apology" and "Meno" substitute Book-keeping and Shorthand. Latin to be optional, typewriting compulsory.

*Meds.*—For DEMOSTHENES' *De Corona*, and HOMER'S *Iliad*, substitute General Commercial Correspondence and the Theory of Bargains. In place of ARISTOTLE'S *Poetics*, a special subject must be offered, e.g., hardwares, green-grocery, meat, herring-pickling, hotel management, bogus Dresden china, &c., in which there will be a practical as well as a theoretical subject.

*Greats.*—Abolish PLATO'S *Republic* and ARISTOTLE'S *Ethics*, and read instead SMITH'S *Ready Reckoner* and *The Complete Shopwalker and Commercial Traveller*. There will be a further examination in the special subject, including the doing-up of parcels with string and sealing-wax, opening of doors to ladies, and general etiquette. By the time a student takes his degree in commerce he will be an accomplished salesman, and Mr. Punch is confident that thus, and thus only, the bogey of foreign competition will be scared away.

'ARRIET read from a daily paper, "Navigation in the Ouse." "I s'pose," said 'ARRY, "as the Members are goin' to 'ave a 'ouse-boat this season. Which 'Ouse? Hupper or lower? Whichever's to steer? The Speaker or Lord 'Igh Chancellor?"



## TRUE SYMPATHY.

*Mr. Thompson (who has been pouring out all his troubles to his fair companion). "AH, I OFTEN WISH I HAD BEEN A SOLDIER. THEN I SHOULD HAVE GONE TO THE FRONT, AND MY FRIENDS WOULD SAY, 'POOR OLD THOMPSON'S GONE!'"*

*Mrs. Lavinia. "BUT, SURELY, IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO ENLIST!"*

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 28.—CHARLIE BERESFORD probably only Member who could have lifted to-night's debate out of hopeless rut into which it had fallen. Army Votes up again; agreed at outset that topic is not one to fight round. Blatant cry of "Vive l'Armée!" that fills the streets of Paris finds echo at Westminster. Government decided on spending additional million or so in strengthening Army. Only a traitor would whisper discontent. Conclusion foregone. Might just as well have voted the men and money at conclusion of ST. JOHN BRODRICK's speech on Friday night. That of course would not do. Must make at least two nights of it. So here we are—at least twenty-seven of us—listening to FERGUSSON, who, before he was at the Post-Office, was in the Guards. To-night did sentry-go for nearly an hour round estimates.

When BERESFORD "came aboard" decks almost empty. Everybody seemed to have turned in; strolled back in twos and threes and tens as CHARLIE went on with his yarn. When he sat down quite full muster. Subject being the Army Estimates, C. B. presumably interposed in character of marine. Whatever uniform he concealed, Members listened to his breezy talk with

assurance that at least he knew something of subject; had smelt gunpowder when it was blazing on other occasions than royal salute. Speaks more effectively than he did when last with us. Then rather disposed to make set speeches. To-night talked to the House—or, as for economy's sake he sometimes put it, "the 'Ouse."

Special interest attached to occasion, as it might be his last speech in present Parliament. Candidly admitted that, regarding CAWMELL-BANNERMAN as a self-confessed old-fashioned Constitutionalist, he had for a long time been endeavouring to get him hung. "More or less," he added, relenting, as he looked on the kindly countenance of the ex-Secretary of State for War. Actually, it was C. B. himself who stood on the edge of doom. Tomorrow and next day votes at York election will be re-counted. If there has been any blunder, CHARLIE, though he may remain York's darling, will not be its Member.

"I acknowledge," he said, just now, "that I am only a temporary Member."

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD had referred to him as the one ewe lamb of the Unionist Party, a precious but frail possession, snatched out of the fire of the bye-elections. "Well, I hope," said CHARLIE, making as though he would butt in a vulnerable place the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD,

sitting immediately opposite, "that after Wednesday he will find I am a vigorous ram."

*Business done.*—Quite a lot. War Office got the men and got the money too. Four Government Bills advanced a stage, and, the board being clear on stroke of eleven, Members went home.

*Tuesday.*—Once upon a time PRINCE ARTHUR, talking to me about the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, said, "Since Mr. GLADSTONE left the House HARCOURT is the greatest Parliament man left to us. We on our side of the House gird at him on occasion. But we are all secretly proud of him."

This characteristically generous tribute from a political adversary justified to-night. The Sheffield Knight, prancing his hobby-horse round the lists, chattered for nearly an hour about Russian designs on China. Sound and fury, as usual signifying nothing. CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, who ought to know better, appropriated another hour of a sitting predestined to be short. If the SQUIRE had followed example of majority of Members he would have left the House. But Leader of the Opposition saw in Sheffield Knight's reckless indiscretion opportunity of accomplishing act of patriotic statesmanship. Both the Knight and the CAP'EN, tilting at windmills, made various savage thrusts at the MARKISS,



Sir William and the "Vigorous Ram" (Lord C. B-r-s-f-r-d).

showing how he is a tyro in diplomacy, how much better it would be for the Empire were they installed with plenary power in Downing Street.

Here was an opportunity for a small tactician to make things uncomfortable for Government. The SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, after a preliminary knocking together of two puny heads, thereafter looked far above them, dealing in spirit of lofty statesmanship with the Imperial question to which Sheffield Knight and Seafaring Man had attached themselves. He smiled at midnight entrances with sanguinary telegrams; laughed at scares which make and mar fortunes on the Stock Exchange; expressed full confidence in the Foreign Secretary's intent and action; and only asked that the MARKISS would, with *Prince Hal* confounding *Falstaff*, "mark now how plain a tale shall put you down."

GEORGE CURZON, compelled by friendly invitation, made a plain statement designed to clear the air of twaddle and fable. Thus, thanks to the Leader of the Opposition, what promised to be an idly spent, if not absolutely mischievous sitting, was transformed into an important occasion.

As GEORGE CURZON put it in one of many finely turned sentences that illumined his speech, the generous and loyal support the Government had received from Leaders of the Opposition in their foreign policy placed graver responsibility upon their shoulders, since they felt they were "acting not merely as the nominees of a Parliamentary majority, but as the trustees of a nation."

*Business done.*—Second private Members' night of Session. By odd coincidence, second count-out.

*Thursday.*—Curious how old habits stick to a man. Ordinary way of addressing

Chairman of Ways and Means after a Member has succeeded in catching his eye, is "Mr. LOWTHER." H. M. STANLEY, up just now on Uganda question, fixing the Chairman with falcon eye, says, "Mr. LOWTHER, I presume?" After pause long enough to afford opening for contradiction if it be forthcoming, STANLEY goes on with his speech.

A capital speaker he is, too; delightfully unconventional. Very rarely interposes; always on subject with which he is familiar. Even GEORGE CURZON hasn't been to Uganda. STANLEY only man in House who knows the place and the people. Talked about them and their hardships with slow utterance and grave manner suggestive of a palaver. No one would have been surprised if, when he sat down, he had grunted, after the manner of *Uncas*, Last of the Mohicans, "STANLEY has spoken," wrapped himself up in a blanket, lit a short pipe, and stared into immensity, silent and motionless.

But alack! the veneer of civilisation lies glossy and thick on our late leader of forlorn trails through African jungles. He wears a top hat, frock coat, and is said to have been seen with gloves on; not those little nine-ounce toys that suffuse the prize-ring with playfulness, but DENT's two-buttoned, size 8½.

His politeness almost preternatural. Talking of the railway from Mombasa, he said only a hundred miles had been laid in more than two years.

"One hundred and thirty-two," corrected GEORGE CURZON.

"One hundred and thirty-two. Thank you, Sir," said STANLEY, turning with a low bow in the direction of the voice.

Auctioneer ROBBINS in his prime never did a thing better. One almost expected to hear STANLEY repeat, "132 guineas; going at 132 guineas," and then the rap of the hammer.

*Business done.*—Uganda vote agreed to.

*Friday.*—Irish Members receive with mixed feelings rumour persistently current. MACALNESS has brought in Bill making it legal for a man to prefix O or Mac to his family name. Story is that Brother GERALD, more Irish than the Knight of Kerry, will avail himself of the privilege as soon as the Bill receives the Royal Assent. Has an idea that if he were known as THE O'BALFOUR, he would further his heart's desire of being brought into closer and friendlier communication with the mass of the Irish people.

There is something in the idea. Its drawback is, as SARK points out, the easiness of its application to an indefinitely wide circle, and the consequent limitation of personal advantage. If Brother GERALD sets the example at the Irish Office, it will be followed, as a matter of course, by those who come after him. THE MACMORLEY would naturally succeed THE O'BALFOUR, and where would be the distinction?

*Business done.*—Vote on Account for trifle under fourteen millions agreed to.

#### ANGLO-FRENCH CONVERSATION BOOK.

(For the use of Parisian Explorers in Africa.)

I AM an officer of the French Republic, and I desire you to remove that flag.

It is impolite to tell me to go to the place you are pleased to indicate.

It is not my business to verify your statement that the flag is wounded, but I must insist that it be hauled down.

I deprecate your threat that you will use violence if I touch it.

I am here because I am France, and France claims this territory.

I do not wish to "get out," for where I rest I desire to remain.

I am not accustomed to the box, and I decline to submit my head to the punching.

I will direct your attention to the fact that I am an officer of high rank, and that you are a simple sergeant.

I am not called in my country "Mounseer," and I reject with all the dignity of my uniform the outrage of a kick.

I will not "sheer off"—I will not budge a step.

You shall pay for this! I shout to you, although you are not, unfortunately, too far off to hear me. England is perfidious. Hip! hip! hip! Long live France!

BRITISH COLONISATION IN THE "FATHERLAND."—MR. FORBES ROBERTSON, with his friendly army of theatrical occupation, has successfully established an English Hamlet in Germany. Said F. R., turning to Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL and quoting the Bard, "Now could I do it Pat!"—and he did. Sure, Mistress PAT CAMPBELL has so mightily taken the Berliners as the unfortunate Shakspearian heroine, that the name of the character should be changed from Miss O'Phalia to Miss Great Success.

A CUP-TO-LIPTON SONG.—"He always 'got home' in Tea." (New version of Mr. J. L. TOOLE'S "He always came home to Tea.")

A FUR COLLAR NOT RECOMMENDED FOR THE COLD WEATHER.—The Chinchilla.

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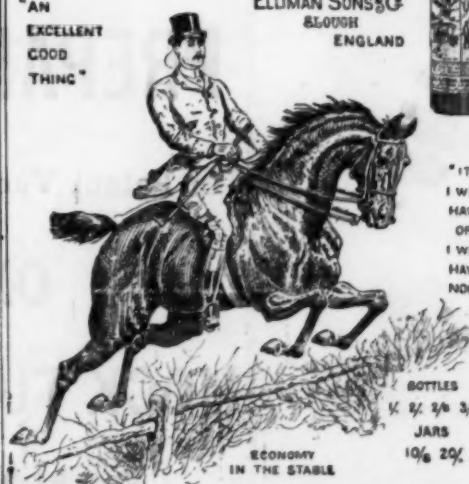
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